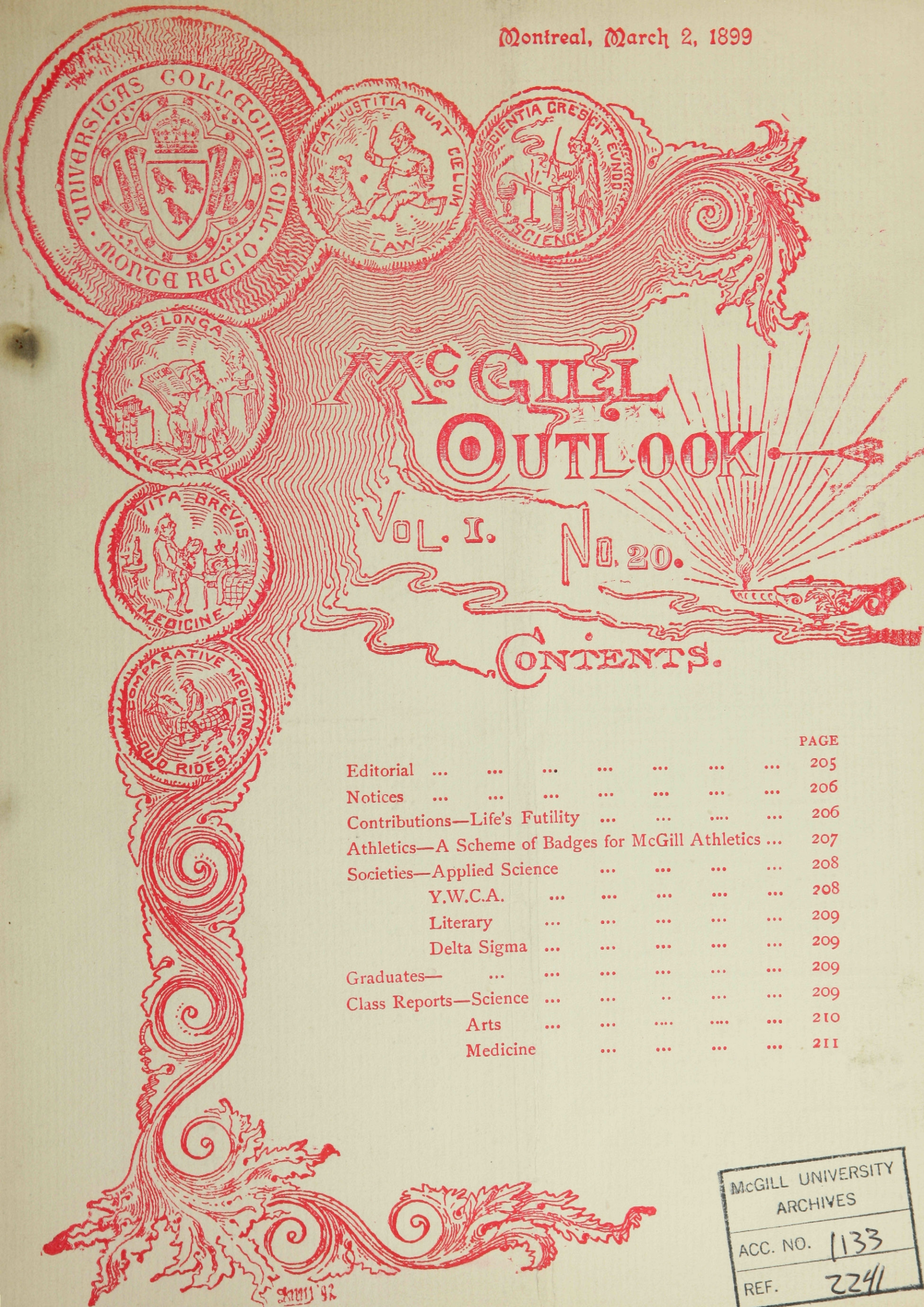


Montreal, March 2, 1899



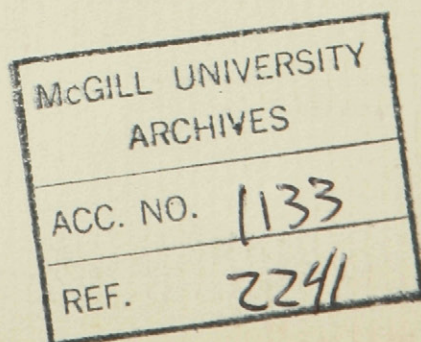
McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. I.

NO. 20.

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McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, MARCH 2, 1899.

No. 20

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Editorial.

SPECIAL attention is called to the article regarding the badges to be given by the Athletic Club to those who have done honor to their Alma Mater on the campus. Correspondence is invited concerning the above; and the interest which is taken in the same idea in sister colleges should certainly be thoroughly awakened at McGill.

— — —

WE could not if we would get away from the feeling that the day of wrath is at hand. We have seen September melt away into October; 1898 retreat into the limbo of bygone years, and 1899 take its place like a strong man arrayed to do battle. February, alas, was all too short, and now March is with us. Its winds are howling dismally through the barren chimney pots and the huckster's

wagon as it clanks over the patches of ice that still adorn our pavements, screams in strident tones: "Prepare to meet the Dean."

Soon the feathered songsters will be with us warbling forth their sweetest melodies. The groves will be converted for the nonce into sacred concert halls with no Boville to demand a silver collection. Soon will the balmy breezes of spring breathe upon sleeping nature to quicken her lagging saps. But it is not merely to fill our beings with ecstasy, to ravish our very souls with her enchantments that spring sends out her harbingers. No, from the stirring strains of the hand-organ and the hurdy-gurdy, from the philosophic calm of the gentleman of leisure who once more begins to frequent the meeting of the ways, and contentedly peers forth through his soot and grime upon poor toiling humanity, from that upper chamber in

the Wesleyan College where Charlie burns midnight oil to the pale-faced queen of night, comes the whisper ominous but honest in its purpose: "Prepare to meet the Dean."

Shall we then sleep on heedless of the warn-

ing voice? Shall we close our ears to the prophetess who speaks of "days of danger, nights of waking"? Shall we spurn her from us a very Cassandra?

Our Lady of the Cribs forbid!

NOTICE.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY OF UNDERGRADUATES.

Friday Evening, 3rd March, 8.15 p.m.

1. Paper "Etiology of the Inflammation of Bones."
 2. Paper "Vital Statistics."
 3. Paper "Use of Roentgen Rays in Diseased Conditions."
-

Contributions.

LIFE'S FUTILITY.

[A SKETCH.]

There were four of us who had loved him as only strong men can love. And as we stood around his coffin that radiant Christmas morning, we knew that life for us would never throb again with the same lilting fullness as in the days when he was with us. He was our intellectual leader, our comrade in many a wayward adventure by field and flood, the man whom we all had loved. And there he lay wrapped forever in the impenetrable silence of eternity.

He had marked out as his own one of the by-paths of science and was treading it with firm masterful steps. Hardly more than a boy, with all a boy's enthusiasm, yet success was already in sight; fortune was coming; even fame herself was not far off. Then***one morning we found him—his hand pressed lightly over the noblest heart that ever beat—lying smiling, ***dead.

The golden light of the sun shone over the new fallen snow in the park and into the state-room. So full its light of the spirit of life and beauty that it almost seemed as if its very warmth and tenderness would thrill through the slow sleep of the dead man and call him back to light, and life, and love.

But there he lay. The lips that had so often poured out the glowing words that roused us to action for the causes he knew to be pure and

just were silent now. The tender heart that did not want the life of even the tiniest flower of the field to fade had ceased to beat. The eyes that flashed and burned as he spoke of the marvels science had for the mankind of the future ages were dim and expressionless. And we remembered how those same eyes would grow soft and humid as he spoke of those far distant centuries when even Science herself would be no more, when the last noisy machine would be stilled, the last city levelled, and in the brooding halcyon days of earth's twilight her tired children would come back to the groves of the forest and in the primitive simplicity of earliest ages drift through the dying years.

But he was not a dreamer only. The very lives of some of us that stood with bowed heads around the lifeless form attested this. That autumn evening only a few months before, as we watched the blood-red sunset across the water, when our canoe drifted lightly into the dark swift current above the great Chaudière, even as the very shadow of death was upon us and the spray of the falls damp upon our cheeks, he sprang to the paddles, and, after a cool, patient, terrible struggle with the mighty river that had us in its grasp, he brought us to the land that we had scarcely hoped to see again.

Softly we spoke of the grand old times we had spent together. One called to mind the little cluster of tents far up on the Ottawa where

we had together spent one of our happy boyhood summers. Another spoke sadly of the little hut deep in the heart of the Gatineau where nightly in the autumn moonlight we watched for the wild game as they crashed down the mountain paths to drink deep in the mountain stream. Yet another dwelt lovingly on the long quiet evenings by the camp fire on the lake shore where often the songs were sung and the stories told, the talk would always come back to the old, old questions of what the vista of the ages to be held for men in the days when even England would be but a memory. He was the soul, the spirit of it all. And he was dead.

We had all known and loved him since early childhood. We played in the sand together—years ago it seemed—and shared with him all our little childish pleasures. We went to the same school, played the same boyish games, fought the same school tyrant. And when

manhood grew upon us, as the tide of life deepened and broadened, still side by side, we wrote and spoke for the civic causes we believed in. Yet, as he lay there, it was not the great clear intellect of the dead man, nor his burning passionate oratory, nor the powerful overcoming will we mourned. The memory of the noble heart and the rare spirit, the strength and gentleness lived and blossomed after the brain had crumbled back again to the dreamless dust.

And, as we turned away at last, lonely and hopeless and left the quiet room, heavy with the odor of glorious lilies, away from that impassive figure that was once our friend, back once more to the smoke-dimmed air of the city roaring with the noise of its teeming thousands the sad old question of the ages rose in our hearts again, the question that has been asked, since the first sunset reddened the hilltops of the orient. Is this the *end*? Is *this* the end?

Athletics.

A SCHEME OF BADGES FOR MCGILL ATHLETICS.

For some time the Grounds' and Athletics Committee has been considering the adoption of a systematic scheme of awarding badges to those students who have taken a prominent part in the athletic sports of the University. In order to bring the matter to a working basis, a sub-committee consisting of representatives from the several athletic clubs in the University was appointed and asked to draw up suitable regulations in regard to the character and the awarding of these badges. The report of this sub-committee has been laid before the Grounds' and Athletics' Committee, but, before urging its final adoption, the sub-committee would like to hear any criticism that might be proposed by any member of the University. For this purpose the report is published in full below.

REPORT ON SYSTEM OF BADGES.

The sub-committee begs to make the following recommendations:—

That there be two grades of Badge.

First Grade.—Plain Capital letter M, six inches high, to be worn on the breast of a sweater, canvas jacket or running jersey, and to be made of red flannel.

TO WHOM TO BE AWARDED.

A.

1. To men who play in two championship games in one season on the senior Rugby foot-ball team.

2. To men who break a record at the Annual University track and field games.

3. To men who score at least two points in the Intercollegiate track and field games.

4. To men who play in two games in one season on the University hockey team should it enter the senior series.

5. To the winner of the individual championship at the annual track and field games.

SECOND GRADE OF BADGE.

Plain capital letter M exactly the same as the first grade, but with the addition of small letters above and below to indicate on what condition the badge has been won.

TO WHOM TO BE AWARDED.

B.

1. To men who play in two championship games in one season on the Intermediate Rugby football team. The small letters in this case will be F and C.

2. To men who win a place on the University team in track and field games. The small letters in this case will be A and A.

3. To men who play in two championship games in one season on the University Hockey Team which is entered in the Intermediate series. The small letters in this case will be H and C.

4. To men who play in two important games in one season on the senior cricket team. The small letters in this case will be C and C.

5. To the first six in the tennis club. The small letters in this case will be T and C.

That the First grade of badge be made retroactive in the case of A (1) and (2) as far as it is possible to ascertain the names of those are entitled to wear it by past performances.

The above to hold good for B (1) and (3).

That the men who in future win badges be presented with them by the Grounds' and Athletics' Committee.

That the men who have won badges by past performances be required to pay a small fee to cover costs.

RECORDS OF MEN ENTITLED TO THE BADGE.

That a book be kept in the University Library in which the names of those entitled to the several badges shall be entered. These names to be determined by the Grounds' and Athletics' Committee from evidence submitted by the several clubs. These names, after having been approved of, to be published in the College paper. A special sub-committee to be appointed to determine and publish the names of those entitled to the badge by past performances.

NUMBER OF BADGES AND RENEWALS.

That each man be entitled to two badges, one for his sweater and the other for his canvas jacket or running jersey. A man to be entitled to two of one variety free, but if other varieties have been won they must be paid for if claimed. Badges to be renewable on the return of the remains of the old ones and on payment of a suitable price.

WEARING OF THE BADGE.

That all students make it a point of honor to be strict about the wearing of the badge by themselves or others. A sweater or jersey having the badge attached to be lent only to those who are entitled to

wear the badge, or if to others the garment to be turned inside out.

FOOT-BALL CAPS.

That the present custom of giving caps to the senior foot-ball team be continued, the conditions to be as under A (1) and as in the by-laws of the foot-ball club.

UNIVERSITY SWEATER.

That a sweater having a white body with red bands around the cuffs, neck and tail be adopted. There to be two red bands each one inch wide and one inch and a quarter apart. The sweater to be either turtle neck or plain.

Blazer.—That the form at present used by the tennis club to be adopted as the University blazer.

Running Jersey.—That the body be plain white, with a red band three quarters of an inch wide around the neck, arm holes and tail.

Class Badges.—That if any class in the University have a team entered in a regular series of inter-class games in foot-ball or hockey, the members of such team be entitled to wear their class number. The rules governing the awarding of this badge to be the same as for the University badges.

R. O. KING, Convener of Sub-Committee.

A. C. P. HOWARD, representing Rugby Foot-ball Club.

RERCIVAL MOLSON, representing Athletic Association.

N. C. MACLEOD, representing Tennis Club.

E. H. MCLEA, representing Cricket Club.

C. CARTWRIGHT, representing Hockey Club.

Address any communications regarding Badges to *The Editor* of the OUTLOOK.

Societies.

APPLIED SCIENCE SOCIETY.

A paper of exceptional interest on "Locomotive Erection" was delivered by Mr. W. M. Young, of Science '99, who has spent considerable time in the erecting department of the C. P. R. shops, Montreal. The principle points taken up were: setting of cylinders on frames and adjusting of slide valves and eccentric rods. The paper was very complete and showed a thorough knowledge of the subject.

A meeting of the Applied Science Society was held in the Engineering building on Monday afternoon, the chief business being the adoption of the new constitution. The members of the Graduates' Society have disbanded, all of whom, no doubt, will connect themselves with this Society; and, on this account the old constitution had to be changed somewhat,

although in general the new one is the same. The Society now will admit as members graduates, undergraduates and partial students of the University. A new office has been formed, viz., that of the Honourary Secretary-Treasurer, who, along with the Honourary President, will be elected by the graduates of the Society. The duty of the Honourary Secretary-Treasurer will be to keep in touch with the Society graduate members who have not the opportunity of attending most of the meetings. The nominations for some of the offices will take place on Monday next, when a large attendance is expected.

REPORT OF THE Y. W. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Friday afternoon, February 17, after the Univer-

sity Lecture. Dr. Murray led the meeting, his address being based on Hebrews xii., 1 and 2.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Friday afternoon, February 24. Miss Reynolds, the leader, read part of Luke xi., and gave a short address on the subject of Prayer.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The second last meeting of the Society was held on Friday evening, February 24, in the Old Library, the President, Mr. Robertson, in the chair. The programme consisted of essays and speeches in competition for Mr. Baikie's prizes.

Essays were read as follows:

Mr. E. C. Woodley, essay, "Omar Khyam."

Mr. S. Ells, essay, "Tennyson's Place in English Poetry."

Mr. McKay, essay, "Culture and Religion."

Mr. H. S. Williams, essay, "Woods."

There was no competition for the best speech, only one speech being delivered. This was by Mr. Heiney on the subject of "Canadian Literature."

Prof. Moyse, who had kindly consented to act as judge, awarded the prize for the best speech to Mr. Heiney, but reserved his decision as to the best essay. The Society then tendered its thanks to Prof. Moyse for acting as judge, and the meeting adjourned.

DELTA SIGMA.

The Delta Sigma meeting, of February 23, was one of the most enjoyable that has been held for many years, and those who were unable to attend missed a rare treat. Miss Florence Botterell, '96, read a charming essay on "The Element of Childhood in Modern Literature." Some beautiful extracts were read from Tennyson illustrating this point. Miss Botterell spoke of the reverence which Dickens inspires for all his little heroes and heroines. Joe, Little Nell, Paul Dombey, David Copperfield and hosts of others who are familiar to all of us, none of whom appeal more to the artistic element than Joe.

Swinburne is essentially the portrayer of babyhood. Of the American writers, Eugene Field, Longfellow and Whittier, none possessed such genius as Eugene Field to think and speak as his little children in sweet limpid verse. Andrew Long also shows his love of childhood in his delightful fairy tales. Frances Hodgson Burnett has made herself famous through Little Lord Fauntleroy.

To know Mrs. Ewing's children is to love them. All are prime favourites, but Jackanapes bears off the palm. Lewis Carroll and Robert Louis Stevenson were also touched upon as well as William Canton and his "Invisible Playmate." Many amusing and pathetic extracts were read from the various authors, and Mrs. Gifford sang two short (alas, too short) songs of Stevenson's which have been set to music. The Donalds fully appreciate the kindness of those outsiders who so readily and pleasantly give up their time for their entertainment, and tender to them their sincerest thanks.

Graduates.

Mr. A. E. Shuttleworth, B. A. Sc. '90, Chemist of the Agriculture College, Guelph, has just returned from Germany, having taken Ph.D. in Gottingen.

Mr. M. L. Hersey, B. A. Sc. '89, has been appointed General Manager of the Print Works of the Dominion Cotton Co. at Magog, Que.

Class Reports.

SCIENCE.

A new Case of 16 to 1:—Any one passing in the vicinity of the Arts building on Tuesday afternoon might have observed the happily novel sight of sixteen Arts students, from their actions presumably Freshmen, pelting snowballs at one very small messenger boy rather more to the latter's amusement than discomfort. The small boy in question was carrying a large box and accompanied by a small dog. When asked why he didn't set his dog on them, his reply was: "I'd be scart he'd chew de lot of dem."

THIRD YEAR.

Messrs. Ewart and Hamilton deserve our sympathy in their failure to be elected at the annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. They both were duly nominated, but failed to score the vote necessary for their election. They drowned their sorrow in, customary style characteristic of "Good Old Boy."

SECOND YEAR.

It took a mind of more than ordinary strength to grasp at once that the person elected recently to fill the position of Second Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A. was the President of our own Year. Now that

the deed is done, we offer heartiest congratulations all round. Our President is pleased about it, and he is the man it concerns most. And presumably the Y. M. C. A. is pleased too. He has borne with be fitting meekness and humility all the praise and congratulations received on his accession to that high office. But the year knows he is a good man;—of course he is. He told us so himself, and surely he ought to know. And if more proof were needed, he went to church only last December, and says he put collection in the plate too. It will soon be announced that the Second Vice-President will give a series of talks on "Temperance and other Refreshments." He has industriously been collecting data on this subject for some time past, and when he talks there will be a large number present.

Dedicated to A. R. A.

Thou, Science, art a gentle thing,
I love thy praises sweet to sing.
O thee I love, I do, by jing!

FIRST YEAR.

That postponed and much-talked-of hockey match between Science '02 and Science '01 is at last a thing of the past. The teams met and settled the supremacy of hockey between the two Years on Friday last, and a better sheet of ice to play on could not be wished for.

The match had caused much excitement in hockey circles, and consequently a large attendance was expected. The spectators took heed of the kind warning to come early and avoid the rush, and long before the teams appeared the banks were crowded and bets of all sorts were being made. The betting in favour of Science '01 was very low, on account of the fact that Mr. Blue was reported to be suffering from a slight attack of the gout; however, he managed to play somehow or other.

After the usual wait, the teams lined up as follows:

Science '02	G	Science '01
Horsfall, H.....	Goal.....	Fleming
Lokerby, A.....	Point.....	Tupper
Beck, A.....	C. Point.....	
Meyers.....	Forwards.....	Blue
Crawford.....	".....	Ward
Meldrum.....	".....	Lowden
Newton.....	".....	Wilson

The play on both sides was fast and heavy at the beginning, but after a short time Science '01 seemed to lose courage, and from then till the end of the game Science '02 had it all their own way. The score at the end was 8 goals to one in favor of Science '02. The triumphal look of the Sophies at the beginning of the match gradually fell into something like "The Return of the Coon Quartette" lately published in one of our newspapers. Much credit is due to the officials for the manner they performed their duty.

Now that Supps are over, we are all getting ready for April.

ARTS.

THIRD YEAR.

Honour English Class Entertainment.

A large and select audience being gathered in the Seminary, Mr. E. C. W—y addressed those present from his usual seat as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, inasmuch as that beautiful clock, which you see before you, has proved to be a nuisance to all members of this class, we have after lengthy consideration decided to hold a concert, the proceeds of which shall go to buying a new one or getting this one fixed." (Cheers). The chairman then sat down, and the following programme was rendered:—

Chorus by the Anglo-Saxon Kazoo Band.

"Not prepared to-day, Sir."

Encore:—

"I haven't done any Further."

Essays:—

1. How to run the Annual Board. J. A. N.
2. My opinions of Wordsworth's Prelude. J. D t.
3. How to smile, with illustrations. S. M-l.

Discourse tending to prove that the Garden of Eden was situated in Ottawa. S. E-s.

Falsetto Solo.....C. J. Mac—

"Venus, my beautiful Venus, my shining star."

Duet.....J. A. N. and H. W-n-d.

"Many questions do we ask."

Imitations of the Farmyard.

The lamb, calf and ass—J. D-t.

The hen and other feathered animals—C. J. Mac—

Then followed a debate as to whether a clock or a rail under the table for the feet would be the best way to expend the collection not yet taken up. Mr. J. A. N. beaming round on the audience in a conversational tone, in which he talked much and said little, advocated a blow-out. He used much slang, and a familiar word was "anyway." J. D-t stepped up as if he was walking on thin ice, and in a sly manner advocated the former speaker's proposal, but Mr. H. W-n-d's ponderous periods made the first two speakers look like thirty cents. Mr. E-s, in a tone which seemed to say, if you don't want to listen to me, don't, advocated a clock which would ring the hours, and on this the members of the Class raised such a yell of approbation that the audience were frightened and escaped before the collection could be taken up. Just then I woke up to discover that I had fallen asleep over the prelude again.

A member of our Class, who has the reputation of being "a diel among the wimmen," is trying to grow what he calls a moustache. But fear not, ye favoured fair ones, for as Theocritus says in one of his idylls, "His kisses will not wound, the hair on his lip is yet light."

Prof. (to student who rushes into lecture ten minutes late)—"D'ou viens tu monsieur—?"

Monsieur—"Je viens d'Ottawa."

Prof. (freshly)—"Ca ne m'étonne pas."

Ad.—Gowns mended by Third Year Honour Math. man with red and white or any other combination of colours. Good artistic work done. For references, see the one the advertiser is now wearing.

Notice was given about ten days ago that those unable to provide themselves with Latin text books should absent themselves from lectures till they secured books. Those who have been unable to get them must have suffered much, for they say that they hadn't *Eaton* for nearly two weeks.

Since a well-known student of the Third Year has been wearing that large *striped* puff tie, a wit says that he is behind the bars.

SECOND YEAR.

The effects of the exam in Greek summer readings have been many and various.

"Daisy" has got a bad fit of lunacy or sudden bravery owing to hard study. He was at the Minto Rink teaching a small girl of about twelve years to skate, much against his will, on Saturday, and, wishing to skate on the campus as quickly as possible, ran the whole distance on his skates.

A prominent theologian was heard to say, "I admire that man Lucian for being such a cheerful l—r."

Another of these reverent gentlemen complains that it is corrupting his morals, for he got so used to reading Lucian's fairy tales that he can hardly say two sentences without being tempted to prevaricate.

The Six-year Medicine men are wishing they took Greek.

"Peck" is beginning to like Greek.

The Lucian Crib League are intending publishing their translation.

It demonstrated the fact that Greek can actually be done without cribs.

The fellows have different ideas as to which is the biggest lie of the lot.

C—t—n says that it is the statement that Lucian did not intend to tell the truth.

"Bill G." thinks it's "a sad sight."

McE—n dreamt that he was in the Island of the Blest arguing with Homer about the meaning of a certain phrase in the *Iliad*.

S—t—ns dreamt that he was smashing Sophocles for writing the *Ajax*.

M—w—t gave up curling for a week.

M—l—n gave up hockey, and there was a marked decrease in the growth of Bill G.'s goatee.

A. V. B—n found that it's hard to do Lucian at sight unless numerous alterations are made in the text.

During a rubber-fight two of these missiles hit a window-pane, and it didn't break!!

Student—"I got mixed up with my trigonometry, sir."

Prof.—"What is the hash called?"

Biddy is going to France to settle up the Dreyfus affair.

MEDICINE.

FOURTH YEAR.

At the last meeting, the President of the Moustache Society announced amid great *éclat* that the difficulties and snags placed in the way of the Society's progress had one by one collapsed.

1. The "Red Tie Element," headed by Hugh P., was no longer with us. Even Tommy Tur—ll has let so much blue into his tie that it was no longer vermillion.

2. The promoters of the "Benedict Association" have decided to hold no more meetings with the Physiological frogs; but to meet at the house of the President in the city—where a code of signals and pass words will alone give a member admission.

Great consternation was occasioned by the publication of the proceedings of the married men, and if the name of the individual who let the cat out of the bag could only be found, his life would have about the same value as that of the present Class Reporter "which," said B—les, with a scathing, scornful scowl, "is at an extremely low ebb."

3. The President would like to warn the gay youth who sprinkled tooth-powder belonging to a maternity nurse over the seats of a lecture-room, and then sat by and watched the Professor of Obstetrics mop it up, that even if he is an honorary member of the Moustache Society, such frivolousness can only be overlooked in one who is married or engaged.

4. Finally, the President announced that, taken as a whole, he was pleased with the behaviour of the Moustache Element at the one half yard Laparotomy "At Home," held by Caius Julius "Cæsar" in the R. V. H. The host made his appearance at 11.20, amid great applause, in a state of partial asphyxia, though he afterwards explained to the guests that he had on only a chloroform jag. After doing the snake-act with marvellous tortuosity, and giving several imitations of the grunting boar of Africa, to the infinite delight of the audience, he consented to breathe sufficient ozone to keep on this mortal coil, and was borne off in triumph in a hand-basket. So great was the enthusiasm provoked that a certain philanthropic individual, Billy P—k, headed a subscription list with a 25 cent limit to buy Cæsar a Bazoo, which he (the President) "contemptuously ignored," as he had lost his last quarter in a Jack-pot the night before at his boarding-house.

Lastly, the President was greatly shocked at the behaviour of Herr Von Macinalli, who blushed like a beet after being compelled to sit alongside two ladies, and who became positively cyanosed and assumed his cadaveric cachectic laugh on being presented with 101 congratulatory notes.

THIRD YEAR.

We hail with delight the approaching time when we will no longer have to attend practical classes

from 4 to 6 o'clock. No more then shall we hear on all sides men complaining of sleep and overwork, and that tired feeling so well known. No more will they be cloaked in such bad humors that on the slightest provocation they want to fight their best friends. Then peace will supervene, men will grow fat and ruddy, smiles will reign on all sides, and all will be well.

We (*i.e.*), the alphabetically posterior half of the Class, hail with sorrow our farewell clinic at the Montreal General Hospital. Doctors and nurses have vied with one another in making our sojourn there a pleasant one, and their efforts have been much appreciated by us. Indeed, one almost felt at home when once within its portals. And now all is over.

In a late lecture we were informed that such and such a drug was very frequently employed, and while good for some things was seldom used.

SECOND YEAR.

Once again has time-honoured Cook appeared before us in all the gorgeousness of his official robes, resplendent in the effulgence of his countenance, the beauty of his figure and glory of his expression—the same expression that has helped to cheer many weary generations of Freshmen through the tortuous paths of their First Year in Medicine; to guide the Sophomores through the narrow gates which lead from the confining bounds of anatomical surroundings into the lighter (?) tasks before them. That same benign expression that has with kindly grace remonstrated with the new generation for their propensity for breaking (not by chemical reactions) silicon compounds, and which always looks down in approbation on the good example and exalting guidance of the Second Year to the same.

Was not his address fine? Ay, that it was! Something worthy, many times worthy, of the occasion which—like Christmas—comes but once a year, and therefore deserves that solemnity of observance which marks its advent; that spirit of enjoyment which prevails throughout its stay, and the spirit of regret that must necessarily, in the ordinary course of events, result on the conclusion of such a wondrous spectacle and the departure of our worthy lord and liege with all the splendour of his paraphernalia.

With spirit intensified indeed did we, and do we always, join with King Bruce and address our honoured monarch (Cook):—"HAIL!"

It must have been a source of great pleasure to the author of the recent interesting paper on Hypnotism—and indeed to all interested in the subject—to see its theory put into practice very recently. One of our number seated on bench No. 1 had (seemingly) been put under the hypnotic influence of some strong spirit—rightly (?) termed will.

What a beautiful illustration of reflexes! What a grand proof of the somnambalistic power of hypnotism! And what a delightful demonstration of the powers of suggestibility—which even go so far as to elicit speeches and witty dialogues from the hypnotee—were seen in the case in point—everything one might say was in keeping with the physiological environment that surrounded the individual

There are great men in different walks of life. We have had our Alexanders, our Cæsars, our Napoleons! But it has taken the Nineteenth Century (if such indeed this be) to develop and bring forth our great hockeyist, J. J. Wilson.

Great praise is due to Messrs. Bruce and Hunter for the admirable programme for the Cook celebration.

THE COOK BENEFIT.

It is to be regretted owing to the exigencies which advanced life entails upon the human frame, at the period when katabolism is much in advance of metabolism, when sclerosed arteries are the fashion and an hypertrophied left heart a decided *sine qua non*, that the portly but sacred form of our beloved James Cut-Throat Cook, P. G., should have been so ruthlessly awakened from a prolonged and stertorous sleep and without the grace of a change of garb, hustled up to college by a crowd of un-anatomized Sophomores. It made George (he of the cadaverous visage) blush.

For, there, on the front door-step was the venerable old gent clad in the scanty raiment of a cotton night-gown with frills on the sleeves and "good-night" on the buttons, decidedly *dishabille* as to his legs. Upon his uncovered head, full on the round spot deprived of hair, which has well been compared to the Arena Rink, blew the pitiless wind of a cold February morn!

It was a relief when the signal to advance was given and the procession moved with measured tread towards No III. Theatre. The ponderous load was narrowly prevented from sliding downstairs at one period of the march, but having convulsively grasped a red-headed Soph. by his hair, it escaped with a severe burn only. "My boy Joe" cleared the way with a garden sprinkler, and 4 dogs (from the coal-cellar) brought up the rear. The destination being finally reached, great indignation at the peculiar costume of the hero of the day was expressed, and the majority of the Freshmen overcome by feelings of delicacy were forced to leave, much to the delight of the other Y-ars. The one objectionable feature of the occasion being thus happily removed, the proceedings commenced.

The white-haired Cerberus was deposited upon the rostrum with a sigh of genuine relief from the six "hod-carriers" who had so softly conveyed their precious burden to the scene of his triumph, and Mr. J. Bruce, the boy-orator, after great cajoling, was prevailed upon to assume a more conspicuous position by the side of his unsuspecting victim. Mr. Bruce spoke with the aid of a megaphone, long and exhaustingly, his dissertation being a very laudable effort at Miltonian recitative interspersed with bad metaphors and New Brunswick Latin. It suited the occasion, however, and was what the boys wanted. The reply from the throne was the usual classic display of meteoric Iambics so characteristic of our Canadian Kipling. The antiquated Bard, prematurely aged by the intense shocks to his nervous system, resulting from reading his own poetry, ponderous-

ly arose, and in that voice, the dearest, sweetest essence of a steel file, which sends cold shivers down the uninitiated spine of a stranger and has been known to turn the milk sour in George's pantry—ay—in that same old voice, upon which the most virulent laryngitis has not the slightest effect, he delivered a delightful paregoric upon himself and others.

As his pearls of wisdom rose and fell upon the dusty atmosphere of the auditorium, the front rows became stricken with repentance, and large moist mucous tear-drops were plainly detected oozing from the eyes of more than one Senior as his conscience pricked him for having "done," a Freshmen in former years.

Even the hardened and cheeky members of the Third Year were impressed with the allusions to their precocity, and made vain and evanescent resolutions to do better.

The orator ended amid dead silence, a significant tribute to his marvellous "knock-down" abilities, and being taken with sudden, urgent dyspnoea and hæmoptysis was obliged to call for water. Having been resuscitated, he was presented with "filthy lucus" amounting to \$50, and allowed to depart in peace.

As soon as the applause which greeted his appearance had subsided, he was presented with the following address:

To His Whiskers, Count Jacobus O'Cook—Grand, Custodian of the rolls and keys—Chancellor of the lesser Exchequer, Postmaster-General and Commander-in-chief of the forces of the House of Aesculapius—Hail!

Most illustrious and august body, Incarnation of the virtues of the Gods. Deep on thy front engraven deliberation sits and college cares, and princely counsel in thy face yet shines majestic. Once more has Time, his mighty wheel revolved, the while, unclouded has been thy reign save from petty wars and difficulties with those new born shades who to thee have come for knowledge. Tell us "Omniscient One" in all thy years of vigil at the gates, hast thou e'er beheld such a motley crowd of Freshmen. Rumours come to us, with dark report of speeches candid, late delivered to them, for he who hurls broad general principles complains of vast vacuities. Their deeds thou sayest furnish pabulum for thy serious thoughts, for early did they vaunt their powers before untried. Twice in rebellion rose aspiring to set themselves in glory above their peers. Raised impious war, with vain attempt. They, the greater powers hurled headlong through thy halls with hideous ruin and disfigurement, in vain seeking grace of thy "naughty ones." Thine, not the fault for this mishap. Bold warfare in the halls though didst forbid. Thy Laws, Oh implacable one, like those of Medes and Persians never change. Thy regulations broken and Laws defied, how couldst thou then withhold thy regal wrath so long pent up and overgrown with "Mucor." Yet still in mercy didst thou stay thy hand, while thy eyes in gleaming blazed. E'en now, thy colleague time hath tempered down thy impending ire and moved thy bowels with compassion. Yet with awful reverence watch they from afar, conscious of sinful faults, timorous lest the pleas of these their mediators be rejected. Be merciful "incarnate

kindness," assuage thy wrath. Forget that trip to Gay Back River and to thy voluptuous breast receive them one and all to favour. Direct their thoughts and with confidential chats divulge what strength, what art and what evasions will bear them through the strict exams. and alleys dark, with Bcbbies watching round. As to thy wrath, reserve it all for George. His trust was with these sons to be deemed equal in strength and chivalry, and rather than be less, cared not to be at all.

Thy older sons, oh, Cook, thou knowest that we, from contact grown familiar, have no such tribulations. In thoughts more elevate and reasoning high of Providence Fixed Fate in all Exams. and Final Misery, what fear of Bob or Dean detracts. Bold hast thou made us to former terrors. Though the streets be filled with armed watch, yet on the bordering ways encamp our legions, or with obscure cab scout far and wide into the realm of night scoring capture or surprise.

But now, "oh fair faced Cherubim," to change this harangue of ours. To thee we look for words on diverse subjects; explain the change in the ways of seniors when to the hustings go they for their dinners. Like buncoes on a plightless friend, they rush and welcome without extended hand the easily susceptible Freshman. Can it be that plotting how they least may reap their conquest that friends are friends (the very best) until the day of ballot. Elections over, like hot cakes then are dropped those boys. Dignity resumed doth nip that new formed friendship. Next, tell us of researches pursued by thee. Rumors wild and unauthenticated slip through the air and rudely wake us to our lack of knowledge. Oh, concentrated essence of all that's of the world, dispel that gloom and justify thy worth to man. We come no spies with purpose to explore or to disturb the secrets of your realm; but by constraint, Wise thou standest, thy look draws audience and attention still as night or summer's noontide air. To thee no temple stands nor altar smokes; yet doth thy heart distend with pride and glory, for never since created man have collected here such legions. Standing in thy presence humble, whilst lordly dost thou claim our homage, we celebrate thy throne with warbled tunes. To hear, to see thee is to be enamoured. Thy perfect shape of shape it might be called. Thy voice, strange music, the harmony of which takes by ravishment the thronging audience. Oh, concatenation of ethereal virtues, since Father Time was born none have stood thy rivals. To thee we bend our knees, oh hoary monarch. Vanity in thee hath never had a place. Thy hate of dross, thy staid democracy fail not in realizing thy treble worth; and yet, if there be fun or charm to respite or receive or stock the agony of this life, give to us a quotient while in thy court, through all the means of dark intrigue, seek deliverance for us all this coming spring, and earn what men doth deem thee worth.

Years have gone, "oh, benign one," since first thou donned a royal apparel. Uncrowned thou art at present, and yet uneasy lies thy head without a crown; unjust it seems to have thee wander wide devoid of recognition. To reward thy virtues is a study. Great men like thee come slowly into recognition—"sic itur ad ostra." But being known,

every honour in this world is cheap when cast upon thee. To find one worthy of thy atlantean shoulders involves a double difficulty. How to do honour to your worth. "Suaviter in modo fortior in re," and to you figure quid rides? And yet what better than to be a defender of the night—"no terne defensor." Stoop then. "Cedant arma togal," and with these articles denoting (K)nighthood swear to wear this mark of favour pregnant with signs of worth. And now, Sir Jimmy Cook, K.C.V. (Knight Commander of the Vats)—"sanctus sanctorum sui dicant"—to see thee with pomp serene and god-like imitating state doth please us all. Verbum sat sapiendi. "Fiat justicia ruat coelum. Vale! vale!"

Then up rose Sir James Cook, resplendent in his *robe de nuit* and nighthood, decked with lace and crimson. Unfurling his ponderous scroll, with silvery cadence, he thus began:

The whirligig of time goes on, again has come the day
When sterling worth from filial love receives its yearly pay.
As each succeeding year flies by, with no decreasing joys,
I recognize more clearly the affection of my boys.
"My juvenile acquaintances," who occupy "the gods,"
'Tis not too soon to tell you that you work 'gainst fearful odds.

But my older embryonic Meds., when they were in your place,
Found counsel straight from Cooky advantageous in the race.
It is my usual custom to give advice that's plain,—
Laugh always at professors' jokes, repeated laugh again;
The "Two per thent of every class," that every Freshmen hears,

And also "when you graduate in thickth or theven yearth."
"There is a fate that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will,"

A laughter at professors' jokes may be a plucked one still.
So I advise you strongly to read "our larger books,"
And then if shipwreck comes in June the blame is not for Cook.

But if you weather out the gale without the slightest hurts,
You all must lend assistance to your famous "four experts."
The Faculty have consulted me, as they do on everything,
And they've recommended Ninety to my mercy in the spring.
But I want to tell you frankly that the collectors say

You pay up your subscriptions in a prompt and liberal way.
When my Two-year-olds were Freshmen, they were the model boys;

They never broke my panes of glass, nor made unearthly noise.
The century class ne'er scrapped with them, but always let them go,

They knew on which side of their bread was spread the oleo.
And yet in true perspective they behold their daily fun,
They never turn aside from "Gray," from "Foster" never run;

Me they consult in love affairs, as loyal sons should do,
And by my beard, this very spring, I'll let the whole class through.

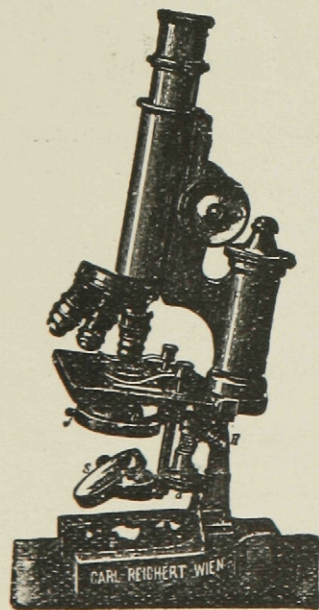
The Juniors gay, the boomers, blowers of home-made horns,
And Seniors grave, whose lofty brows solemnity adorns,
When I tell you I've discovered a corrugated core
Of the Hippocampus Major that ne'er was known before,
You need not think you know it all 'cause Frankie let you through;

Just ask your Prof. of Surgery when you're thinking that you do.

But if you pass your finals I'll give you your degree,
He who deserved to graduate was never plucked by me.
Since last I came among you here new things have come among us,

And my colleague, George Adami, has caught a new bacillus;
My boy, Mick, has been taming it, as I told Bantam Bill,
Who spread our secret broadcast, against our knightly will.
Lately my friend Strathcona, just to show that he's with us,
Came down with filthy lucre in a way devoid of fuss,
And with the gold he's given me, with a little of my own,
I'll replace your old brick theatre with one of Mountain stone.
When Aberdeen, departed now, played down in our front yard,
I went at his little shindig with my private body guard,
With quite two hundred of my boys I ran his little show,
While Theologues, Arts and Science, too, were trembling down below.

To enumerate the virtues of myself and all my boys
Eternity is all too short—'tis one of life's alloys.
I cannot speak of princely men who've held these seats before,
The graduates, whom I shall greet upon the other shore.
At the right hand of St. Peter, the keeper of the key,
They'll recognize the good Sir James, the more ethereal me.
They'll always find me standing hard by the golden gate;
I'll open it for all my boys, though they're a minute late.
And now, farewell, my children, thanks for your gift of dough,
May countless epidemics come ere you are planted low.



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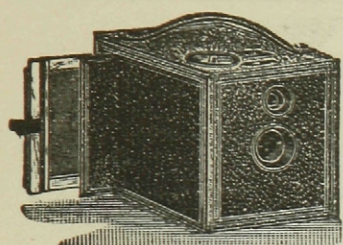
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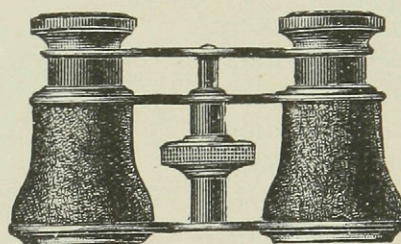
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IN THE NEGATIVE.

The Clerk of the Weather was asked,

"Into spring at a jump shall we go?"

His powers of prediction he tasked,

And his hope-crushing answer was.

(S)no(w)!"

MILLIONS LYING IN THE MUD:

"One has read a great deal about the lavish waste of money in the early days of gold-mining in California," said an engineer who has recently returned from a long visit to Panama, "but they are stories of parsimony compared with the gross extravagances at Panama in the early eighties. Indeed, I doubt whether history records such a reckless waste of millions, the story of which has never been fully told.

"In the early days of the canal-making, huge fortunes were made every month, and out of the most unlikely material. One man took out a stock of rubber boots, for which he paid £1,200, and sold them in one lot to a contractor for £12,000 in ready money.

"Another man invested £5,000 in donkeys and mules, and in four months had realized £60,000 by selling them to the Canal Company.

"M. Eiffel is said to have made £300,000 out of one contract in a single year; and many other contractors were coining money at the rate of a million francs a month.

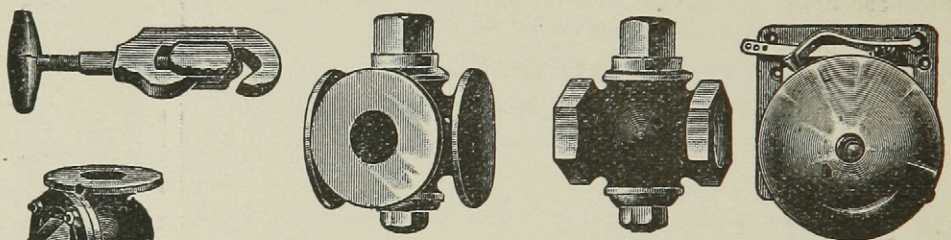
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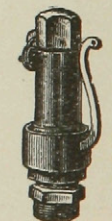
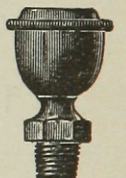
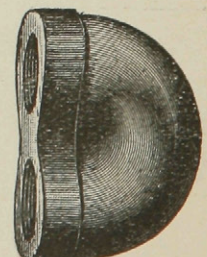
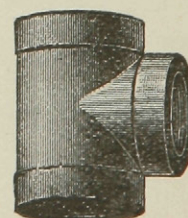
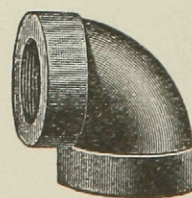
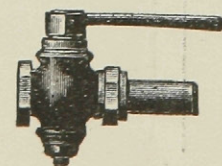
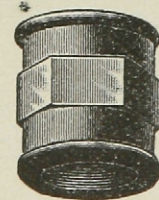
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"In view of all this waste of money, it is not surprising that £50,000,000 sterling disappeared before a quarter of the canal was made, an amount of work which I would undertake to do for £7,000,000 to-day.

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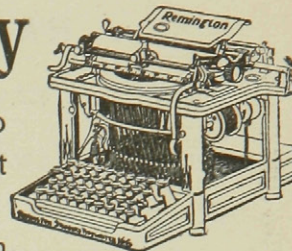
"The new company, with an expenditure of £1,400,000, has made great headway with the work, and there is, at last, a prospect of its successful completion. From 2,000 to 3,000 men are hard at work; and you may gain some idea of the stupendous nature of their task when I tell you that the Culebra Cut alone is six miles long, 100 yards wide, and, in parts, 380 feet deep, and in some parts of it the width reaches 700 feet.

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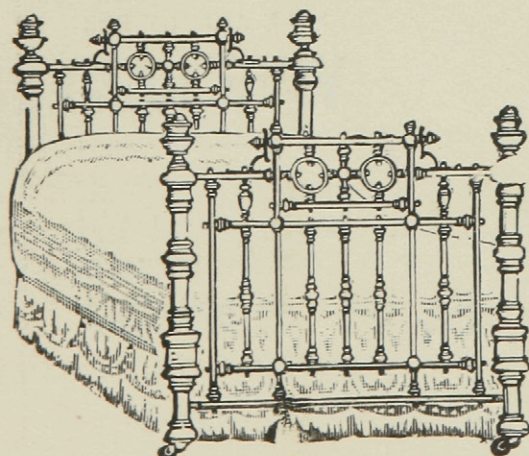
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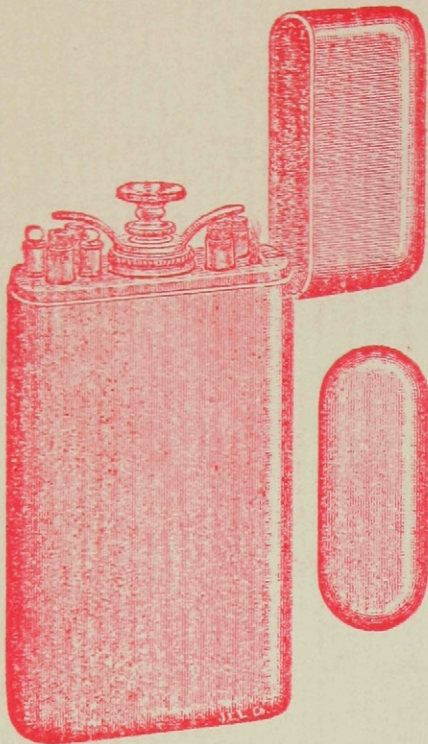
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